

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

A. HART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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Poetry.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

On the school-house playground, which sheltered
you and me,
But now the grass is green, and the flowers are
in bloom,
Who played with us upon the ground, some twenty
years ago.
The grass is just as green, Tom, here-footed boys at
play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just
as gay.
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill, when coasted
o'er the snow,
Afforded us a shining place, just twenty years ago.
The old school house is sheltered some, the benches
are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had
before.
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings
as of old,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty
years ago.
The boys were playing some old game, beneath that
same old tree,
I do not know the name just now—you've played the same
with me.
On that same spot 'twas played with knives by throw-
ing so and so,
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.
The river is running just as still; the willows on its
side
Are much larger than they were, Tom; the stream ap-
pears less wild,
But the grape-vine which is ruined now, where once
we played the game,
And among our sweet-hearts—"pretty girl"—just
twenty years ago.
The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, beside the
growing brook,
Was once so high—but now so low, that I could hardly
reach,
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started
back,
To see how much that I am changed, since twenty
years ago.
Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your
name,
Your heart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did
give me the same.
Some heartless witch had peeled the bark—"twas dy-
ing sure but true,"
Just as that one, whose name was cut, died twenty
years ago.
My life has long been dry, Tom, but tears came in
my eye,
I thought of how I loved so well—those early broken
promises.
I visited the church-yard, and took some flowers to
throw
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years
ago.
Some are in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath
the sod,
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and
me,
And when our time comes, dear Tom, and we are
called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty
years ago.

EMILY WHARTON'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

At eighteen, according to the diploma of
a fashionable boarding school, Emily Mar-
tin was fully qualified to marry. Her music
was of the most scientific description, far a-
bove the comprehension of the common herd;
her voice in the highest state of cultiva-
tion; her French as Parisian as Monsieur
Gondou and a provincial French nursery-
maid could make it; her Italian so extensive
that she could sing it with few mistakes,
and her embroidery and fancy work very
much better than her plain sewing.
Six as I said before, my friend Emily con-
sidered herself fully competent for the mar-
rimonial state, and a certain Louis Whar-
ton thought so too.
After the flutter of bridal finery and
bridal parties was over, the young wife was
carried off to a distant village to make ac-
quaintance with her husband's family, and
she came home delighted with everything
and everybody she saw. Such housekeep-
ing, such clock-work regularity, such break-
fasts, and dinners, and suppers; these were
the themes of Emily's conversation for many
a day, and she had half a mind to try to
rival her mother-in-law and sister-in-law
in that respect.
But her old interests and occupations soon
superseded her new ones, the more readily,
as Biddy, her own servant, was a faithful,
thorough-going creature, who preferred hav-
ing the work entirely under her own con-
trol.
It was four months after her marriage, and
with a gay heart and willing hands, Emily
Wharton was putting her frilled pillow-cases
on the bed of her spare room, for her mother-
in-law was expected that day to make them
a visit.
She was standing back to admire the effect
of her handy-work, when Biddy put her head
in at the door.
"If you please, mam," said she, "I must go
to see this milk to my sister's. Jenny's down
stairs, and he says the baby's most dead in-
tently. The Virgin save us!" and Biddy's
tears flowed copiously.
Poor Emily stood bewildered. It was a
case in which she could not refuse to let her
servant go, but what was she to do? Her
mother-in-law, the queen of housekeepers,
coming and dinner to get. Had it been a
piece of intricate music to play at eight, she
would have laughed at the difficulty, but
chickens to prepare, and desert to make, and
old Mrs. Wharton to criticize! poor Emily
felt as if her sorrow was as great as Biddy's.
"But can't you run down and see the
child, Biddy, and then come back to get
dinner?" You know my mother-in-law is
counting on-day. I guess the baby isn't
very sick," said she coaxingly as if her man-
ner would have made it as wished.
But Biddy shook her head.

"If it's ill just, you see, mam, I must stay
and help nurse it; and if it dies Margary
will want me to wake with it. But I'll
come back as soon as I can," and she
left the room to put on her things.
Emily seated herself on the foot of the bed
which she had been at so much trouble to
prepare, and looked as if stunned by some
unexpected blow.
She could not collect her ideas, and it was
not till she heard the hall door close, that
she recollected how much she might have
learned from Biddy, had she put her wits
about her sufficiently to have asked.
There was a mine of energy in Emily's
character which had never been worked for
want of necessity, so without stopping to be-
wail the unfortunate circumstances any longer,
she proceeded to the kitchen. There up-
on the larger wall, lay a pair of fine chick-
ens, with amputated legs, and in the half
prepared state in which they were when she
had received the news.
The poor little housekeeper gazed at them
for a moment, no more knowing what to do
with them than an Indian did with the syl-
labub, till a happy thought flashed across her
bewildered brain, and she got her cook
book. But, alas! there were "chicken pat-
ties," and "chicken gumbo," and "chick-
en-fricassee," but never a word of preparing
and roasting chickens. She took the fowls up
and studied their anatomy as attentively as
ever Cuvier did that of some precious,
unknown animal, but it was of no use; dress
them she could not, and with a sigh, and a
hearty inclination to cry, she sat down to
reflect upon what was to be done.
She picked up the waiter and carried it to
the cellar, during her explorations in the
safe, she discovered a fine roasted piece of
beef, which had been sent home with the
marketing. She could have almost danced
for joy. A nugget of gold gleaming upon
the eye of a California adventurer was nev-
er half so welcome. Here at least there
could be no difficulty; no preparation nor
filling was necessary here. She was un-
certain, however, how long it should roast,
so she again applied to her cook book.—
But with no better success than before.—
There was "beef a-la-mode," and "beef
bouilli," "French beef," and "beef olives,"
but never a word about plain, old fashion-
ed roast. Still as there was a chance of
getting something for dinner, Emily would
not be totally discouraged, so she hunted up
a pan, and put the beef in the oven, deter-
mining it should be done enough; but know-
ing nothing of the necessity of seasoning.—
The potatoes were her next trouble.—
Were they to be put in hot water or cold?
And secretly thinking that washing them
was about as dirty work as she ever did, she
dropped them into a large boiler of hot wa-
ter.

The mental debate then was, "Spinach
versus cold ham." The former carried the
day, but as she looked at the basket full of
crisp, dark green leaves, she wondered if
Louis, when he marketed, intended they
should live on spinach, for the next week.—
So she threw a couple of handfuls into a pot
of water, and wondered how long it took
eggs to boil hard enough to eat it.
"The dinner will look somewhat frugal,"
to be sure, but mother Wharton will excuse
it under the circumstances, I know," thought
Emily, as she gazed at the clock, and found
it was just twelve. They dined at two,
and the dessert was yet to be made. But
what was it to be? She did not know what
Biddy had intended doing with all the milk
which she saw in the cellar, but she was so
out of patience with her cook book, that she
never thought of consulting it again. Here,
however, she defied circumstances. She had
some fine preserves which her mother had
put up for her, and cheese, and almonds, and
raisins, and the dessert for this day should
consist of these.
With a mind very much relieved, she pro-
ceeded to arrange the dinner-table, and af-
ter a dozen unnecessary excursions to the
pantry, it was completed with the exception
of spoons for the vegetables, and the cas-
tles.
Emily thought it was now time to see how
her dinner was coming on. She opened the
door of the range, and to her dismay she
found that the splendid piece of beef had
come out for her, and cheese, and almonds, and
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Her previous anxiety had made her nerv-
ous, and now she took a hearty cry. But
she soon went to work again right bravely.
She applied the poker vigorously to the
grate, but nothing except dust and cinders,
which nearly choked her, followed.
She lifted the lid from the range and looked in.
There was still a little fire left, and deter-
mining to have a good one when she made
it, she threw on a whole scuttle full of coal.
She went on raking away, covering herself
with fine white ashes, the tears coming oc-
casionally in spite of herself, when the door
bell rang.
With a half terrified "oh, dear, there they
are," and another burst of tears, which she
hastily wiped away, Emily proceeded to open
the front door, never thinking of her appear-
ance.
Louis was standing by the mother out of the
carriage, and she stood like a culprit, half
hidden by the door.
"Here Biddy, take this basket," said he,
holding a small travelling satchel, as he
spoke, without looking up.

"Ob, Louis!" was the answer of the sup-
posed Biddy.
The young husband started in astonish-
ment. That this blackened, tearstained,
ashes-covered figure could be his neat, pret-
ty wife, was almost incomprehensible.
"Biddy's left me, Louis! How d'you
mother," but the kiss on Mrs. Wharton's
face was accompanied by such a burst of
tears as shocked the mother-in-law. The
good, thrifty soul could not comprehend
such a sorrow.
They all went into the parlor, where Em-
ily, with a broken voice recounted her trou-
bles.
It would be untrue to say that Louis was
not disappointed; he was anxious that Em-
ily should continue the favorable impres-
sion which he knew that she had at first made
on his mother. In his own mind he had deter-
mined that she should sing herself like a
mermaid into old Mrs. Wharton's affections,
and he just now discovered that there were
other accomplishments, which he suspected
his mother, valued more highly than music,
singing, French or Italian.

The good lady smiled, but not unkindly
and her daughter-in-law, for she saw how
anxious she was to do her duty.
"No matter, Emily, about your dinner,"
said she. "If your kettle boils, give us
some bread and butter and preserves, and
a cup of tea, and we shall do famously. Wait
till I get off my things, and I will see what I
can do with your refractory fire—I can gen-
erally coax a fire like a charm."
The willing voice and manner relieved
Emily indescribably, and with a lightened
heart she led the way to the kitchen.
Mrs. Wharton rolled up her sleeves, tied
her handkerchief over her cap, and pinned
up her gown, (Emily did not possess a cook-
ing apron, for which she inquired) then with
an ease which did really seem like a charm,
she kindled a fire with the splints which
Emily had brought at her request from the
cellar.

A suspicious twitch flitted about the cor-
ners of her mouth, as she peered over her
spectacles at the beef and potatoes, and the
spinach but she told Emily so kindly how
she ought to have done, and made it appear
so easy, that she, poor, little wife, gave her
a hearty kiss, and took another cry.
Biddy did not return till the next day, and
to her astonishment she found the "old la-
dy," as she called her, was constantly in-
vading her domain with young Mrs. Wharton,
and after some unintelligible muttering about
"two mistresses," she quietly yielded to the
presence and the help of the two, when she
was preparing meals, and in consequence,
Emily Wharton now adds good cooking to
the list of her other accomplishments, as we
would advise all young ladies, whether mar-
ried or not, to do.

Advice to Consumptives.

In some good advice to consumptives,
Dr. Hall says:—
"Eat all you can digest, and exercise a
great deal in the open air, to convert what
you eat into pure healthful blood. Do not
be afraid of outdoor air, day or night. Do
not be afraid of sudden changes of the
weather, let no change, hot or cold, keep you
in doors. If it is rainy weather, the more
need for your going out, because you eat as
much on a rainy day as a clear day, that
more remains in the system of what ought
to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill
result, some consequent symptom of ill
feeling is the certain issue.
If it is cold out of doors, do not muffle
your eyes, mouth and nose in furs, veils,
woolen comforts and the like; nature has
supplied you with the best muffler, with the
best insulating regulator, that is, two lips,
shut them before you go out of a warm room
into the cold air, and keep them shut until
you have walked briskly a few rods and
quickened the circulation a little, walk fast
enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness,
and taking cold will be impossible.
What are the facts of the case; look at
railroad conductors, going out of a hot air
into the piercing cold of winter, and in
again every five minutes, and yet they do
not often take cold than others; you scarcely
will find a consumptive man in a thousand
of them. It is wonderful how afraid con-
sumptive people are of fresh air, the very
thing that would cure them, the only obsta-
cle to a cure being that they do not get
enough of it, and what infinite pains they
take to avoid breathing it, especially if it is
cold; when it is known that the colder the
air is the purer it must be; yet if people
cannot get to a hot climate they will make
an artificial one, and imprison themselves
for a whole winter in a warm room, with a
temperature not varying ten degrees in six
months, all such people die and yet we fol-
low in their footsteps.
If I were seriously ill of consumption, I
would live out of doors, day and night, ex-
cept it was raining or mid-winter, then I
would sleep in an unplastered log house.—
My consumptive friends, you want air, not
physic; you want pure air; you want nutri-
tion, such as plenty of meat and bread will
give and they alone; physic has no nutri-
ment, gasping for air cannot cure you; mon-
key capers in gymnasium and stimulants
cannot cure you. If you want to get well
go in for beef and out door air, and do not
be deluded into the grave by newspapers' ad-
vertisements and unfounded certificates."
Four young men were fined \$20 and
costs each, in New Bedford, Mass., on Tues-
day, for standing on the corner of a street,
if the blue-light of that vicinity charge a
double X for standing, we are curious to know
what the price would be for lying down.

Miscellaneous.

STANZAS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power,
There's fruit in each wind wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it secretly.
Work and despair not, give thy mile,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

The Eruption of Vesuvius.

Our readers are probably aware of the re-
cent eruption of this celebrated volcano.—
The best description we have of this won-
derful phenomenon, is that given by a cor-
respondent of the London Daily News, an
extract from which, is as follows:

NAPLES, May 10.

The lava has now advanced ten miles
from its source, and is doing terrible dam-
age, I have before me the report of Cozzo-
lino as to the latest changes which have taken
place about the town. Just at the base of it
a lake of fire has been formed, which looks
like a red sea in an undulating state. In the
very centre of this has opened another
crater, which is throwing out red hot stones.
On the morning of the 7th, the crater, at
the very summit, fired, as it were, two heavy
cannonades; and after sending forth light-
ning, flames and stones, broke up altogeth-
er. In the middle of the cone ten craters
have been formed, and from these the lava
pours forth like a river, and runs on the side
of the Cavello as far as the Minatore. Here
four other craters have been formed, which
throw up bitumen in the manner of pyra-
mids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of
fireworks. The whole of the summit of the
crater is therefore like a sponge, and must
inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles
under your feet. You may see the ston-
es dance with the tremulous movement; the
part immediately round the crater looks like
the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such
is a true statement of what is going on at the
summit.

There are reports of an opening towards
Pompeii which is not unlikely, and another
towards Resina, but I have not been up for
some days, as the danger is now very great.
Before I write again I shall make the at-
tempt. Last night I went to the scene of
most stirring interest, after an interval of
two days. The whole length of the usual
quiet road was like a fair, and such was
the throng of carriages which were moving
in three lines, that it was with difficulty
we ever arrived at our destination. As we
approached the menaced neighborhood, the
inhabitants were removing their goods, and
on a bridge in the middle of the little town-
ship of Cercola (through which in the win-
ter time thunders down from the summit of
Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so
well known in Italy) stood a company of
sappers.

Creeping under this solid handsome
bridge into the bed of the river, we went up
in face of the lava, which was now coming
rapidly down. Here again were sappers,
raising mounds on either side, to divert the
run from some private grounds, and keep
the lava in one straight course. The smoke
which rose over the heads of the multitudes
told us we were close on the spot, and climb-
ing up the bank and walking along the top,
we looked down on this mighty mass of fire.
How changed the neighborhood in two days!
Where I walked on Sunday night was now
a sea of fire. The side road by which I
had come down into the main stream from
Pollena and Massi di Somma was now full
of blackened cinders. The houses on the bor-
ders of the village had fallen—in one thirty
poor people lived; a small chapel was swal-
lowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad ex-
tent of vineyard and garden ground.

On the other side of the great lava bed
another stream was branching off, to San
Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed
it, and ascended to the cascade again, but it
was no longer visible; for, as one says speak-
ing of a marshy country in the winter, the
lava was out. The fire here had begun to
enter the burial ground of the little town,
but was diverted from its course by a wall.
On the opposite side of the stream were the
king and all the royal family. The banks
on either side were thronged with curious
and anxious multitudes, whose faces were
lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of
torches, and with the more resplendent flame
of the rapidly descending lava. Since the
morning it had moved a mile. It was like a
vast river of glowing cinders.

As it moved on, the tens of thousands of
lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other
crackling, and grinding, and grating; and
when, from the very face of it, a large lump
fell off, the appearance was that of an iron
furnace when the iron is being drawn. To
make the resemblance more complete, at such
times men darted forward with long
poles, taken from the neighboring vineyards,
and pulled out great masses of lava, in which
they embedded money for sale. What struck
me at first, and still strikes me as the most
majestic feature in the whole scene, is the
slow, silent, irresistible motion of that
fiery flood. Active, almighty power
without an effort! Sweeping everything be-
fore it, overcoming every obstacle, growing
up against intervening walls or houses, and
devouring them bodily, and then marching
on in the same silent, unrelenting, irre-
sistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where
a fall of mason work had been built to break
the violence of the winter floods; to this
spot all eyes were directed. The fiery riv-
er would fall over it in an hour; as yet it
was distant from it seventy yards, perhaps.
Gradually it rose in height, and welled out
its vast proportions, and then vast masses
fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled
again as fresh matter came pressing down
behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled a-
gain and again till it had arrived at the very
edge. There was a general buzz and a
murmur of voices. The royal family stood
opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd,
looking on with immense anxiety.

At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a
certain show of majesty. At first a few
small lumps fell down; then poured over it
the liquid of metal, like thick treacle, cling-
ing sometimes mass to mass, from its glig-
gous character, and last of all tumbled
over gigantic lumps of scoria. Then on it
moved once more in its silent, regular
course, swelling up and spreading over vine-
yards on either side; and now there was a
rush for the road, which traverses this lava-
bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the
road, the carriages had all been ordered off,
and the bridge was being broken down—
we were cut off completely. The sentinels
would not let us pass, and struck us and
drove us back; but we forced our way, and
then found too surely that it was impossible
to get on.

The bridge was half demolished, and by
the light of torches we could see the sol-
diers above working away with the pick and
axe. We had therefore to retrace our steps,
and making a long circuit through the open
country and over walls, came round the top
of the bridge,—"run," said the sentinels,
"or you will be late." We crossed the
parapet which was still remaining, and soon
afterwards down went the whole fabric in.
In this way it is hoped that lava will be
diverted from the townships of St. Sebastiano,
Massi di Somma and Pollena, which stand
on either side, and have as yet only suffered
partially. Cercola through which, however,
the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed.

The expectation is that the lava, should
the eruption continue, will flow down to the
Ponte Maddaloni, and into the sea. So
grand and so destructive an eruption has not
been known for many years, and even now
we cannot tell how or when it will termi-
nate. The mountain is literally seamed
with lava, and many fear a violent explosion
as the final scene of the tragedy.

KANSAS.

Prospects of the Season.—Political
Movements.—Miscellaneous.
[Correspondence of the New York Times.]

KANSAS, Saturday, May 19.

Although the emigration continues to a
considerable extent, still it has been much
checked by the unprecedentedly low stage of
water in the Missouri river, the greatly ex-
aggerated rumors of Cholera which have
gained currency, and the outrageous con-
duct of the Missouri borderers, brought to a
present climax by the destruction of the
office of the Parkville Luminary. But the
check is only temporary. The river, I am
glad to say, is rising, and from this time till
July or August, passage and freights will be
cheaper than at any other season of the year.
During the low water, freights have been
held as high, in some instances, as \$3 per
hundred from St. Louis to this place; in
June, they will drop down to 40 cents. But
in spite of all this the levee here is literally
covered with freights; saw-mills, grist-mills,
plows, wagons, and innumerable boxes,
(contents unknown) fill the inhabitants of
the place with astonishment indescribable,
and give the levee an air of business prophe-
cy of the importance which this town is cer-
tain to attain.

As to Cholera, there has been some here;
but I do not consider it the fault, so much
of the place as of the victims themselves.
If people will be irregular in habit, and use
ardent spirits, they need not expect immu-
nity from the dread disease, that every Sum-
mer searches all our towns for the weak and
unguarded spots wherein to infuse its venom.
Let all who come here during the Summer,
be sure to secure on the boats, good, com-
fortable beds and wholesome fare, eating and
drinking moderately, and regularly, and keep-
ing good hours—always eschewing all alco-
holic drinks—and they will be as safe in
coming to Kansas, as in taking a trip on the
Hudson river.

We have had copious rains, under the in-
fluence of which nature has wonderfully re-
vived, and the whole country is enchantingly
fresh and green. The air, too, is balmy and
delicious—the very perfection of climate.
Emigrants are busied in getting their wag-
ons and plows in readiness, breaking up
teams are going plentifully out into the rich
prairie, to prepare its virgin sod for an im-
mediate corn crop, to be followed in the
Fall by wheat. And amidst all this bustle,
the not least curious spectacle to the newly
arrived emigrant, is the great trading
wagon, (not aptly termed prairie-schoon-
er) drawn by six to ten mules, driven by a
swarthy Mexican, every crack of whose gi-
gantic whip is as that of a pistol, and be-
neath whose great canvas cover are being
stowed, as into the hold of a ship, the goods
and stores destined for the New Mexican
market. Numbers of these are now being
loaded here for a train soon to go out by the
great Santa Fe road.

It is also an interesting circumstance that
to-day the *Emma Harmon*, a light stern
wheel steamer, attempts the first trip of the
season up the Kansas river, to Fort Riley.
That stream has risen considerably within
day or two, and I think the trial may prove
successful. She will not attempt to carry
much freight.
New Cities are as plenty as prairie flowers.
Maps are being circulated, several of which
have been born since I gave you a list in
March. *Indianola*, *Whitfield*, *110*, *Delaware*
City, (a new one) and some others are pre-
sented their unrivalled claims to a discrim-
inating public. I rather like this enterprise.
I should be glad to see every town become
the centre of a good farming community.
As to politics, there is a lull in the storm.
I cannot but believe that the Atchison bul-
lies are a little alarmed at their own te-
merity. They have sown the seeds of their
own defeat, and cannot but discern some
signs of popular retribution which is sure to
overtake them in their iniquity. For one I
do not apprehend any personal danger to any
bona fide eastern emigrant who comes to
Kansas, minds his own business, and de-
clines controversy till the population reach-
es a point which will secure a recognition
of the majesty of law. People who know
the real state of the case, and are deterred by
fear from coming here, are too cowardly to
be good citizens; for me I am well pleased
with their absence.
By the way, considerable emigration may
be expected from the South, in the fall. I
am informed of the intention of a good many
Virginians to exchange their exhausted fields
for the wide prairies of Kansas. Let them
come! I hail them as an honorable and
high-minded race, who only need contact
with free institutions, and evidence of
their vast superiority over the effete system
of slavery, to become most valuable citi-
zens. They will not emulate the Missouri
rowdies, but act out the impulses of a better
nature. But meantime, the north must not
forget to send its thousands, or the chains of
the victim now loosened almost to falling
off, will be riveted in Kansas on his limbs.
The stories of famine, &c., as well as of
sickness, are absurd exaggerations, got up,
I suspect, by the *Atchison League*, to deter
northern men from coming hither. Judging
from the rugged, hale people one sees on
all sides, he would little suspect he was liv-
ing in the midst of starvation and disease.

day or two, and I think the trial may prove
successful. She will not attempt to carry
much freight.

New Cities are as plenty as prairie flowers.
Maps are being circulated, several of which
have been born since I gave you a list in
March. *Indianola*, *Whitfield*, *110*, *Delaware*
City, (a new one) and some others are pre-
sented their unrivalled claims to a discrim-
inating public. I rather like this enterprise.
I should be glad to see every town become
the centre of a good farming community.
As to politics, there is a lull in the storm.
I cannot but believe that the Atchison bul-
lies are a little alarmed at their own te-
merity. They have sown the seeds of their
own defeat, and cannot but discern some
signs of popular retribution which is sure to
overtake them in their iniquity. For one I
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ing in the midst of starvation and disease.

Such is the motto of our paper. It tells
at once what is its moral aim, to what spirit
it would minister, and what kind of enter-
prise it would foster. Commerce is a mighty
word in the world's history. At its bidding
spring up to the imagination the most stu-
pendous efforts of antiquity, when one
mind ruled the power of millions, and said
to them all, "go here," or "go there," and
was obeyed. What cities has it built,
"whose Merchants were princes and whose
travellers were the honorable of the earth."
At its bidding man starts up from his sloth-
fulness a creature of energy and hope; gen-
ius takes new courage to exert its powers;
and industry plants itself before the moun-
tain till the plain appears, and the pathway
is laid for the iron horse from the wilder-
ness to greet the steamship on the sea.

But without integrity, what is all this but
a splendid funeral! The dead are there.—
The soul is gone. The animating and en-
nobling principle of duty has no influence;
and when this prosperity is rightly viewed,
it is as a dead body kept in form and com-
eliness by embalming, which you see, despite
the advantages; is a dead thing when you
look it directly in the face.

Where integrity is, Commerce is ennobling;
where it is not, Commerce is degrading.
It degrades the man in his own conscious-
ness long before the world rightly estimates
his character. It makes many a man feel
as one confessed to us the other day: "I
have looked," he said, "the matter all over,
and all ways, and I find that money wrongly
obtained don't spend well!" The satisfac-
tion in the use of property is vastly different
where integrity has been, from that which
is known where it has been discarded; and
we have seen the terrible evidences of heap-
ed up treasure witnessing against the soul of
the man like fire.

Integrity is capital, character and influence.
It gives the same sense of safety to a trader
in buying of a Merchant, that a man has in
the strength of a wall whose solid and per-
manent masonry he knows. He does not
ask for an inspector to tell him whether he
runs a risk in going within the enclosure or
not, but he stands there as on secure ground.
Why is it that you see here in Philadel-
phia the same business carried on in the
same place for three generations, and the
same customers going thither forty or fifty
years in succession? Because staid and
honorable habits were formed by inflexible
integrity, and trade then was a matter of
character, loved as dearly as life. Only of
integrity will the true Merchant be willing
to say: "You touch my life when you do
touch the means whereby I live."—*Phila-
delphia Merchant*.

Some distinguished poet, Spokesman
we believe, says—
"Taint a knowin' kind of cattle
That feeds on unity corn."

THE OLDEST CHINESE IN THE UNION.—The
chime of bells in Christ Church, Boston,
Mass, was first rung on the 31st of Decem-
ber, 1754, and has announced the approach
of each successive year for a century. It
said that the man who put up the bells, and
who had come over in the same vessel with
them, refused any compensation for his lab-
or, but requested that they might be tolled
in his honor, and also, in that of his
wife.

Gatherings.

A SHARP IDEA.—Sooner than marry a wo-
man of fifty, I'd take two at five and twenty.

There was quite a heavy snow storm
in Vermont on the 21st inst.

Two slaves in New Orleans, on the
14th inst, robbed their master, Mr. Stiffall,
of \$3,000.

The next period fixed by the *Millenists*
for the destruction of the world is the 10th
of June.

The Albany Evening Journal of the
21st was printed on paper made entirely
from bass-wood.

It is said that during the past winter
the French army in the Crimea have lost
14,000 men from frost-bite alone.

Fort Scott, Kansas Territory, with
all the fixtures, was sold lately for \$5,000.—
It cost the United States Government, not
long since, the sum of \$175,000.

Ninety babies have already received
their certificates for the Barnum show.
There are Twins, triplets, and in one case,
we understand, a quartette among them.

A Know nothing fire company in
Evansville recently refused to throw water
on a fire because the house belonged to a
German. So says the *Evansville Enquirer*.